

Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition.
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and the
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I asseme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clooten, and Lords at
one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would *Augustus Caesar* with vs?

Luc. When *Iulius Caesar* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Cassibulan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Caesars* prayles, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.

Q. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be so euer.

Clo. There be many *Caesars*,
Ere such another *Iulius*: Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses.

Q. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to refuse
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
As *Neptunes* Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnscaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them vp to th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shells mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibulan*, who was once at point
(Oh gilet Fortune) to master *Caesars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with reioycing-Fires bright,

And Britaines shut with Courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
said) there is no mo such *Caesars*, other of them may haue
crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clo. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard
as *Cassibulan*, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand,
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Caesar*
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Caesars* Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' World, against all colour heere,
Did put the yoke vpon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to *Caesar*,
Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of *Caesar*
Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*
(*Caesar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In *Caesars* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus decide,
I thank thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Caesar* Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
Behoues me keepe at vterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
So *Caesar* shall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe speake.

Clo. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-
tience with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you
fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end.

Luc. So Sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus*:
Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is false into thy care? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her i' Her blood?
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't! The Letter.
That I haue sent her, by her owne command,
Shall give thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senseless bauble,
Art thou a Forerarie for this Act; and look'st
So Virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, rellish of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
You Bees that make these Lockes of countaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
You claspe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

*I*ustice, and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the de-
rest of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happinesse, that remains loyal to his Vow, and your encrea-
sing in Loue. *Leonatus Posthumus.*

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou *Pisanio*?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Pisanio*,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Loues Counsailler should fill the bores of hearing,
To th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as I
T'inherit such a Hauen. But first of all,
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid

Twixt houre, and houre

Pis. One score

Madam's enough

Imo. Why, one

Could neuer go so

Where Horses hau

Thaz run i' th' Clock

Go, bid my Woma

She'lle home to h

A Riding Suit: N

A Frankins Husw

Pis. Madam, y

Imo. I see befo

Nor what ensues b

That I cannot look

Do as I bid thee: I

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